26.1

Ferguson's Remonstrance

TO THE

Council of SIX,

Upon the First

DISCOVERY

Of the late

Horrid Conspiracy.

A SATYR.

Had Cain *been* Scot, *God wou'd have chang'd his Doom,*
Not forc't him Wander, but confin'd him home.

Cleavland.

LONDON,

Printed for *Charles Corbet* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1684.

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To his ever Honoured Friend

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Esq;

SIR,

I Beg leave to present you with this short unpolish'd Satyr, not only for the Advantage of your benign Patronage, but to gain an opportunity of acknowledging the many Favors you have been pleased to heap upon me; and partly too as a kind of Bribe to beget your good Opinion of it, knowing that what you but barely say you like, is sufficient Reason to make the rest of Mankind admire, believing it has past the Test of your never failing Judgment. This I can assure you of it, 'twas writ with a Loyal Heart, caused by an utter Abhorrence and Detestation of the Villanous Practises (brought to light by the discovery of the late Horrid Conspiracy) of the ungovernable Faction, who have lately and long Hector'd it in this our Nation, and liv'd (and I fear still do) in opposition to the Commands of the best Monarch and best Government in the Universe. And now according to the method of our modern Scriblers, I shou'd give you a kind of an Essay upon Satyr, and Rail at the most considerable part of Mankind; but I hope you will Excuse me, wanting Learning for

the

the one, and the Discontents of Old Age for the other, scraps of Greek and the Fagg end of an Old Latin Author will be wanting too; nor will I give you one word of *French* to shew my Breeding, no nor so much as find any fault with the Poetasters of the time, to shew my Judgment; (though the World has bin sufficiently of late Banter'd by things of this Nature,) and all that I can say for this, is, that tis new and all my own, and if you are pleas'd to Judg favourably of it (and no Loyal Man offended) I have both my Wish and my Design,

Who am

Your most Faithful

Obedient Servant,

W. R.

Ferguson

Ferguson's Remonstrance
TO THE
Council of SIX,
Upon the First
DISCOVERY
Of the late
Horrid Conspiracy.

A SATYR.

Ferguson *speaking to the Council of SIX.*

I.

ROUZE up, *Great Men!* what makes ye Droop?
Tho our *Designs* be Croſt,
Why will ye thus *diſpair?* we are not wholly loſt:
Nor muſt we ſtoop
To any thing our *Angry Fates* can do,
'Tis great to *think* like you!
And can ſuch men *ſubmit* to *ſlaviſh* fear?
Who dare *Reſolve* to do, what others dare not *hear.*

II

II.

Ten thouſand *Curſes* on that *Tim'rous* Sot,
That Bankrupt *Ideot!*
Who had not *Soul* enough, to Act his part o'th' *Plot*;
Had he not been of all that's good Bereft,
Had he but had one thought of *Glory* left:
His *Coward* heart, cou'd ne're have ſtoopt ſo low,
As baſely to *Betray!* and ſwear for *Bread*,
Who might have *rul'd* i'th' head
Of thouſands *fighting* 'gainſt our common Foe,
Baſe *Treacherous* Foothi
Millions of *furys* ſeize thy Guilty Soul.

III.

So God-like *Cataline* was too undone,
Who durſt *deſign* (almoſt alone,
He was ſo wond'rous brave)
T'ave given all the *Rulers* of the World, at once one *Grave*;
Had I been *Curius*, when I had had my will,
And ta'ne of Luſt my fill;
Fulvia ſhou'd have own'd, me ad ly'd,
And all ſhe had ſaid, upon her *Knees* deny'd,
And at that Inſtant by my *Pelnard* dy'd:
So ſhou'd our *Villain* too have far'd,
Had my advice bin heard,
And of his *Blood*, like noble *Cataline*,
I wou'd have made our *Sacramental Wine.*

IV.

Miſchief begun muſt be purſu'd,
In *Ills* no middle ſtate can be,
Th' Extream is only good,
Stop at no *Cruelty*;
But ſtill drive on through *Rupine*, *Fire* and *Blood*,
Fathers and friends, all that *Oppoſe* muſt *die*;

Nor

Nor Sex, nor Age, must *pity* find
To what they say, and feel be deaf and blind;
Let Ruin overwhelm 'em like a Sea,
And to the *height*, practice all *Villany*,
For th' end must be a *Crown* or everlasting *Infamy*.

V.

Had we obey'd our *Noble Peer*,
We had not now been here:
Consulting what to do,
And when, and how, to give the Mighty *Blow*,
Our *Foes* had all been *Dead*,
And we *Triumphing* too:
And he our Marchless *Patriot*, Marching at our *Head*;
Success had *Crown*'d our cause,
And made the *Action* good;
While we had with our *Swords*, prescrib'd new *Laws*,
And writ them too in *Characters* of *Blood*.

VI.

What is 't I have not done?
To carry on
Our *Pious Cheat*, our *holy Cause*?
Have I not labour'd how to set ye free,
And prov'd our very *Laws*,
Plain *Tyranny*!
And by my *Preaching* too, I 've shew'd ye all;
Who 'tis ye must obey,
No *King* but *Jesus*, must our Empire sway;
And under him each *Saint's* a General,
All do *Usurp* whom *Heaven* does not call,
And we the *Saints* are only *free*, the rest are *Aliens* all.

VII.

Thus, thus you know, I 've often talkt aloud,
To *Gull* th' unthinking, and unletter'd *Crowd*:

For them we must *deceive*,
*A*nd make them all our *holy Trumpery* believe;
They are the *Tools* we work with still, and we
To make 'em last,
*A*nd *bind* 'em fast
Tell 'em *fine* stories of *Eternity*.
Tell 'em, our *Governours* are *Arbitrary*,
*A*nd their *Religion*
Is all *Idolatry*;
*A*nd *Superstition*:
Then cry down *Hierarchy*,
*A*nd prove by *Gospel Text* each *Bishop* is a *Pope*,
When all we do *design* or hope,
Is how to get *again* into our hands,
The *Goverment*, the *Nobles*, *Crown*, and *Bishops Lands*.

VIII.

How bravely 'till of late, has our great *Cause* went on,
How near our *Foes* have been to be undone:
That was a happy time when we cou'd do
And safely too,
What 'ere our *Spleen*, or *Inst'rest* lead us to;
Treason commit to make us *Popular*,
By *Villany* grow *Famous*;
And against Common sense, and all the *Laws* make *War*.
Visit the *Tower* for our Ease,
And when we please
Be freed again by *Jury-Ignoramus*,
Then spight of all, *Glory* in what we do, (*Triumph* too.
While all the *Town*, with *Bells* and *Bonefires*, add to th'

IX.

The mighty *Theame* was *Liberty*,
And that stale *Bugbear Property*:
Our *Libells* like a furious stream
O're run the Town,

Sedition might be heard in ev'ry Place
And ſeen in ev'ry face:
Nor wou'd we ſpare things *Sacred*, *Church*, or *Crown*,
And all (as we did ſtill Alledge)
Was by our *Liberty* and *Priviledge*;
Priviledge! that mighty *Atlas* of our *Cauſe*,
That knew no *bounds*, nor wou'd *ſubmit* to any *Laws*.
By the *Priviledge* of our *Infallible* Houſe,
We cou'd make any thing a Man, or Man, a *Mouſe*:
Profligate *Villains*, Men of Faſhion
With any thing Diſpenſe,
Make *Ideots* too ſpeak ſenſe,
And teach 'em how to ſave a ſinking Nation.

X.

Oh happy time! Oh bleſs'd ſecurity!
What is't we might not then have done?
Then, then we ſhook the *Crown*,
And might have thrown
That Ancient well built *Fabrick* down;
So *Univerſal* was the Nations *Lethargy*,
A Popiſh Plot was the Falatious *Sham*,
That *Plot* in *Name*!
That was the cunning *Charm*
'Gainſt which we all did *Arm*;
That was the *word*!
That, that alone,
Which whetted up the Old *True-Prot'ſtant Sword*
Of *Fourty One*;
By which the ſecond *Charles* muſt fall,
And we the *Actors In'cent* be
For whomſoe're we *Papiſts* pleas'd to call,
Muſt *bear* the *Villany*:
While we, to *Scower* the *Nation*,
And make a thorough *Reformation*;
Leave not a *Loyal* Man alive,
But ſo *Revenge* that fatal *Stroak* upon 'em all.

XI.

What ever we were pleas'd to ſay, or do,
No man *durſt* be ſo bold as disbelieve,
Or *think* we cou'd *deceive*:
'Twas true as *Goſpel*, or we'd have it ſo,
And who but doubted or at leaſt ſo ſaid,
We ſtraight deliver'd *over* to be *Buffetted*;
Then *Satan* like ſeeking whom to *Devour*,
Our Topping Serjeant walkt the Nation o're:
Thus we, when e're we pleas'd,
The *Loyal* Subject teaz'd:
Eſpecially thoſe who came too *nigh*,
And wou'd too *far* into our Actions pry;
They muſt *Submit*,
(While you like Petty *Gods* did ſit)
And own their *No-faults* on their *Knees*,
And ſo their fellow ſlaves *adore*,
And glad they were
T' Emplore.
(For to be clear)
To pay their *Arbitrary* fees,
Tho *Indian* like, they did it out of fear:
This was a *Glorious Act*, I ſtill admire,
The *Devil* himſelf when on the *Temple* ſpire
To be *Obey'd* and *Worſhipt* onely did *Deſire*.

XII.

Hypocriſy had ne'er ſo fair a face as then,
Miſchief and you were truly *Great*,
And wou'd you now Retreat?
You that were ſo *Admir'd* as *mighty* Men;
You that ſo *boldly* durſt withſtand
A *Monarchs* great *Command*,
And tell him (almoſt to his *Face*)
You' keep him very *Poor*,

And

And never give him *penny* more:
Without he' *Disinherit* all his *Race*,
After all this d'you *start!* no more,
Ye shall not, must not, cannot now give o're,
Wou'd ye lie *Lirking* in some *Loathsome Cell?*
And be content,
T' endure perpetual *Banishment*,
Or more Contemn'd *Imprisonment*:
For want of *Resolution* to carry on,
What you so *bravely* have begun?
Sure't must be *Terrible*
To think how very much you'l be *undone*,
Besides your *Coward* souls must *Doubly* merit *Hell.*

XIII.

The *Treason's* still the same,
If you were in the right when you begun;
Sure you must be to *blame*:
If to the utmost now, you do not *push* it on;
For to *Refuse* must be
To own the *Villany*,
And ruin both your *selves* and your *Posterity.*
Think what great things you've brought about,
How you have made th' unthinking *Rabble Rout*
Burn in mock *Effigie*
The best of *Loyal* Men,
And round the *Mimick Pageant* bawl'd aloud,
No *Y*—— no *Y*—— no *Papist* neither,
Burn, *Burn* them all together,
While ev'ry *Mouth* Eccho'd it round the *Crowd.*

XIV.

Think, think agen, how you to serve your ends,
And private *hate*,
Have *voted* from the *State*:

The

The Nations *Bulwark* and moſt able *Friends*,
And when you found that wou'd not do
(I muſt be plain with you,)
Such *Perjur'd Villians* you had got,
That *Swore* them all into a *Popiſh Plot*.
They *Swore* that they deſign'd to be
The Bringers in of *Popery*;
And that they did *Incourage* too,
Thoſe who deſign'd to *Aſſaſſinate Majeſty*,
And thoſe that did (ſuch was your Skill
Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* kill;
Then ye were *Valiant* too,
And any thing wou'd do:
To make your ſelves and your deſigns ſeem *Famous*,
One *Traytors Oath* againſt a *Foe*
Wou'd make ye find a *Bill*,
But 'gainſt a *Friend* 'ten ſhou'd not do;
All ſorts of *Treaſon* there, muſt ſtill be *Ignoramus*.

XV.

Nay more then this ye durſt; ye *voted* down
All that *ſecur'd* the *Crown*:
And did deſign of *Power* to deprive
Each branch of its *Prerogative*:
Upon the *Kings Revenue* ye did *Vote*,
No Man ſhou'd *lend* a *Groat*,
And from a *Popiſh Knife* to keep his *Throat*;
His *Guards* by you
Indicted were,
As grievous to the *Subject* too,
Thus the *Old Cauſe* ye did *Purſue*:
And bravely like your ſelves appear:
Then, then ye cou'd *Reſolve* great things to do, (you;
And vow'd our Common *Foe* ſhou'd *fall* by none but
And for to *Crown* this work, tho't prov'd in Vain.
You my *L*—— *D*—— were *voted* great *Again*.

XVI.

XVI.

The *Church* and *Biſhops* too, muſt ſuffer all,
Beneath your *Rage* did fall:
The *Thirty fifth* of that fam'd *Heroin*,
Elizabeth great Brittains Queen;
I thank ye all by my *Perſwaſion*,
Ye voted *Prejudicial*
To the Nation;
A *Perſecuting Law*, and too ſevere,
More than a well *tun'd Conſcience* e're cou'd bear:
While *Popery* was the formal *ſtale*.
To keep that *Serpent* out, it was no ſin
To break the *Churches Pale*; (In.
Altho you let at the ſame time, ten thouſand *Monſters*

XVII.

But that which pleas'd me moſt,
After our other great *deſigns* were Croſt,
Was that *Goliah* of our *Plot*! th' *Aſſociation*!
Which wou'd alone,
Have all our *Enemies* o'erthrown;
And made us *Rulers* all, of our ſo *Ruin'd* Nation.
For ever live that great Man's *Fame*,
The *God-like Shaftsbury*,
That *Phineas* of our Cauſe!
Whoſe very name
Sufficient was, to give what e're we did *applauſe*;
Who in the *Gap* ſo firmly ſtood,
He ſtem'd the growing Flood:
Of thin Jaw'd *Honour*, and lean *Loyalty*,
And had the *Devil* play'd us fair,
So *Univerſal* was the thing,
So cunning was the *Snare*,
He ad *ſtab'd* at once the very *Laws*, as well as
(*Church* and K——

XVIII.

After all this can ye such *Cowards* be?
As once to *ſhrink* at any *Villany?*
You that in *Ills* have ſtill ſo *Practiſ'd* been,
What wou'd to others be a *Crime* to do,
Muſt be in you:
If you *Refuſe* (ſuch is your caſe) a *deadly* ſin
Now, Now's the *time*, be not deceiv'd,
For tis *Impoſſible*
Our *Horrid Treaſons* to *Conceal*,
For at that time our *Villain* is believ'd,
We're all undone:
Therefore *Reſolve* to *puſh*; this Inſtant, now!
The *Mighty Buſneſs* on.

XIX.

Thus ſpoke the *Damn'd Impoſtor*; when,
A Sudden haſty Noiſe of Men:
Surpriz'd their Liſt'ning Ears,
And ſtruck them all into a *Panick* Fear;
Keelling was all *Believ'd*, he had clear'd each *doubt*,
Officers were abroad, and *Warrants* Iſſued out;
Then like *Belſhazar*, trembling and afraid,
They *ſtammer'd*, ſtar'd and Gap'd, and knew not
(what they ſaid:
So all diſperſt *Murmuring* 'gainſt the *State*,
And as they went *Curſt* their unhappy *Fate*.

FINIS.

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